

328  
MEMOIRS

OF THE

L I F E

OF

Mr. *THEOPHILUS KEENE*,

The late Eminent TRAGEDIAN.

---

To which is added,

ELEGIES, PASTORALS, ODES,  
and POEMS;

---

*By several Hands.*

---

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoq; fata Sepulchris

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's Head* in  
*Russel-Court*, near the *Theatre-Royal*. 1718.

Speedily will be Publish'd *The Chevalier de St. GEORGE*;  
a Heroi-Comical POEM, in SIX CANTOS,



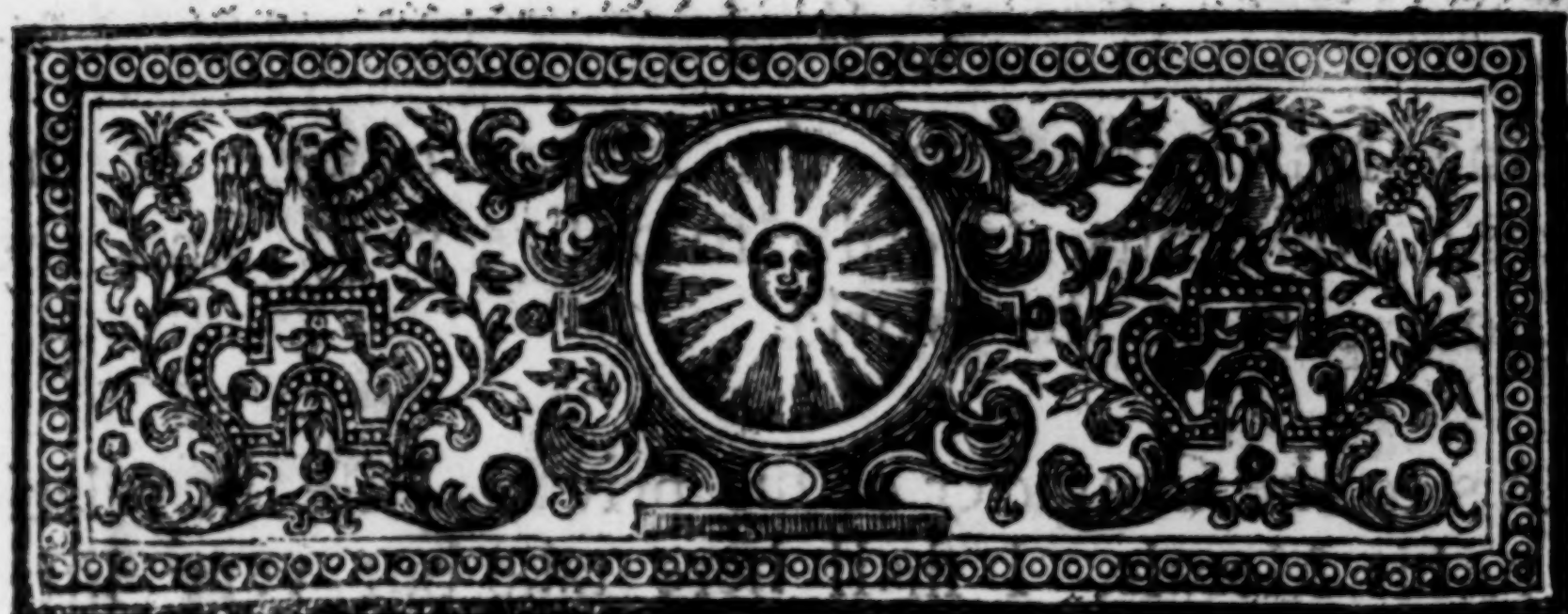
THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF  
LITERATURE  
AND  
ART

Vol. 1. No. 1. 1791.

Printed by J. Johnson, at the Crown and Anchor, in Pall Mall.  
1791.







THE  
L I F E  
O F  
The Late Mr. KEENE.

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*In a LETTER to a Friend.*

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*Hall's Chocolate-House, August the 18th. 1718.*

S I R,



Receiv'd Your's Dated the 3d. Instant, wherein you inform me of having read in *Applebee's Weekly Journal* an Account of the Loss of Mr. KEENE the late eminent Tragedian ; and have intimated, that you shou'd be glad to know some Passages in relation to his Life. Accordingly at Your Request, I have Collected the following



lowing Narrative from the Hands of one of his nearest Relations, in order to oblige you, and the Curious part of the World.

As to the Character of his private Life in relation to his Morals, I shall here take but very little Notice, lest whilst in reality I shou'd be giving him his due Praises, I might be Censured by those that were not intimately Acquainted with him to be guilty of Flattery.

To proceed then to an Account of his Life. He was Born of *Dissenting* Parents, Educated at the *Presbyterian Academy* in *Little-Britain*, and design'd by his Friends for a *Dissenting* Teacher. He acquired by his Studies a Knowledge of Men and Books ; the former of which was a discreet Guide to his Actions, and the latter an Ornament to the natural Beauties of his Mind, which was no small Advantage to him in his Profession. He cou'd not have given a greater Proof of his Judgment than by renouncing those Errors in his Maturity, which he had been train'd up in from his Youth ; and indeed he show'd as great an instance of his Honesty, when he chose rather to quit a Fortune amongst his Wealthy Relations, than to act contrary to the Sentiments of his Soul, or in plain Terms, to dissemble his Principles.

WHETHER Necessity or Inclination led him to the Stage, I cannot possibly learn, but I believe Both, for we may guess the Probability of the former from his being abandon'd by his Friends upon  
Account



Account of his Principles, and of the latter from those admirable Performances that so often gain'd him an universal Applause, and establish'd him so great a Reputation in the Town. Where his first Appearance in his Profession was, I could never hear; but it is certain, he Acted several Years in the Countries as one of the Company that was Govern'd by Mr. *Coysh*, who was an eminent Actor in the time of Mr. *Hart*, and Mr. *Mobun*: From him we may believe he received his first Instructions in the Business, which his own Judgment and constant Practice improv'd to so great a Perfection. During this part of his Life, he married one Mrs. *Wilmot*, a Person endow'd with uncommon Qualifications; but to Sum up all, a tender Wife, and a very sorrowful Widow. After having left Mr. *Coysh*'s Company, I am inform'd he appeared upon the Stage in *Dublin*, from thence he returned to *England*, and soon got a Reputation from his Performances here. The first part in which he signaliz'd himself to the Town, was that of Justice *Ballance* in the *Recruiting Officer*, of which he was the Original.---When there was no other Company of Comedians but his Majesty's, he Acted at the Theatre Royal as one of those, and got a very great Reputation by the Parts of *Montezuma* in the *Indian Emperor*, *Creon* in *Oedipus*, *Sir Edward Belfond* in the *Squire of Alsatia*, *Sir Solomon Single*, *Jago* in *Othello*, *Æcius* in *Valentinian*, *Henry the Fourth*, and several Others. When Mr. *Rich* Open'd his House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, he went over to that Company with several Others, and



and appear'd still to a greater Advantage ; he Acted the Parts of *Hannibal*, *Dorax* in *Don Sebastian*, *Clitus* in *Alexander the Great*, *Dioclesian*, *Gerrard* in the *Beggar's Bush*, and *Sir John Brute* in the *Provok'd Wife* with great Applause ; however he was sometimes, for want of principal People, forc'd to perform Parts out of his manner of Playing ; for as he carried the Stamp of Majesty in his Prefence, and the stern Roughness of a Soldier in his Voice ; the Softness of a Lover cou'd not consequently sit so Natural upon him, tho' indeed, his Performance even of those Parts, spoke that admirable Judgment which he was so much Master of.---In the beginning of the Year 1717, he joyn'd with Mr. *Christopher Bullock*, in taking the Master-ship of that Company for Four Years from Mr. *Rich*, by an Agreement settled between 'em.---This Crown'd the Reputation he had before gain'd : In the midst of the first Season he had a very great Fit of Illness, of which he afterwards Recovered : But before the beginning of the Secnd, he had the fatal Misfortune of a Fall from his Horse, by which, gaining a mortal Hurt, he lay some few Days, and then expir'd about the 38th. Year of his Age.---As a Proof of his Generosity to People of Merit in Distress, I can't but take Notice of an odd Accident that happen'd since his Death. An Eminent Divine that is now under some Afflictions, asking for him at his House, (being ignorant of his Illness) the Maid told him her Master was above Stairs, he desired to see him ; whereupon the Maid, without informing him farther, Conducted the Gentleman to the



he Chamber where Mr. KEENE lay Dead, but at his Entrance he was so surpriz'd to see the Corpse of one he so much lov'd, that he Swoon'd, and lay some time before he cou'd be brought to himself; but upon his Recovery he burst into Tears, and declared he had lost the only Friend that had succour'd him amidst his Misfortunes.

HIS Death being on a *Saturday*, on the *Wednesday* following he was carried from his House in *Cooks-Court* by *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, to be Interr'd in the Parish Church of *St. Clement Danes*, the Pall was held up by three Gentlemen from each Theatre, viz. Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Mills from the Old House; and Mr. Bullock Sen. Mr. Spiller, and Mr. Corey from the New: Mr. Christopher Bullock appeared as Chief Mourner, and the Corpse was follow'd by the Actors of each Theatre (most of 'em in Black) in great Decency. --- Thus they proceeded to the Church, where there was a very fine Anthem perform'd; afterwards he was Buried in a Vault, where lye Mr. Mountford, Mr. Horden, and Mr. Powel, who were all Eminent in the same Profession.

Thus, Sir, having finish'd my Relation, I now recommend you to the perusal of some Verses here prefix'd, Written by different Hands upon this Occasion, and I don't question but the Subject will, render them agreeable.

I am, SIR,

Yours. &c.



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A  
P O E M  
O N T H E  
Memory of Mr. KEENE.

---

*Written by Mr. SAVAGE, Son of the  
late Earl of RIVERS.*

---

\*\*\* V \*\*\* A I N and uncertain is this mortal State,  
\*\*\* Life's ever subject to the Storms of Fate.  
\*\*\*\*\* When our good Genius wou'd our Actions view  
Some envious Planet sheds it's baleful Dew :  
Infectious Plagues forth from *Pandora* flye !  
For Life's but giv'n to learn us how to Die.  
Death here an universal Tyrant Reigns,  
And ev'ry Station must receive his Chains.

B

The



The Stoick's Vertue, nor the Statesman's Art,  
 Nor Warriour's Courage can resist his Dart ;  
 The Fair one's Beauty, and Phyfician's Skill  
 In vain Oppose him, they his Sting must feel.  
 All Lives a-like are destin'd to the Grave,  
 The Wise, the Weak, the Monarch, and the Slave ;  
 But Fate the Best first to Destruction calls,  
 And Wretches Flourish whilst true Vertue falls.

IN fuch an Age *Keene's* happier Soul is gone !  
 With Angel's Wings 'tis from his Bosom flown !  
 The Tragick Muse her Debt of Sorrow pays,  
 And at his Hearse attempts his Deathless Praise ;  
 He, whose just Action and whose skilful Tongue  
 So oft have Grac'd what She triumphant Sung.  
 Majestick roughness in his Form was seen,  
 And *Roman* Grandeur dress'd his awful Mien !  
 His manly Voice the *British* Genius fir'd,  
 And *Albion's* Youth with glorious Thoughts inspir'd.

Whilst Sorrows mournful Note his *requiem* Sings,  
 The chearless Muses flag their drooping Wings.

With



With *Cypress* Crown'd they all his Fate deplore,  
Weep at his Loss, and Sigh he is no more.

O H! Why must He, who so much worth reveal'd,  
Thus to blind chance his Life a Victim yield?  
But Time has shew'd in a preceeding Age  
The Ruins of the Fam'd *Athenian* Stage;  
And Death has in a different Series view'd  
*Roscius* and *Betterton* a-like Subdu'd.

Y E T still my Muse *Keene's* hapless *Exit* Mourn,  
And drop a Tear upon his peaceful Urn.  
The *Bays* shall rooted in his Ashes grow,  
And on his Tomb a deathless Verdure show.  
Whilst to his Fame the Muse shall Yearly pay  
An O D E, as to her own *Cecilia's* Day.







Mr. CHETWOOD,

**I** Have been told there's a Grub-street Elegy Publish'd on the Death of the late Mr. KEENE, which Strangers have done me the Honour to Ascribe to me: I must confess I have Scribbled some trifling Lines, but did not think to make 'em Publick, because they come short of the Merit of the Man who is the unhappy Occasion: But such as they are, I commit 'em to your Care to dispose of as you think fit. I hear you have some others upon the like Occasion to Print, and if you think this worth your Acceptance, you may give it room in your Papers.

Your Humble Servant,

THO. WALKER,

ON





On the DEATH of the late  
Famous Tragedian  
Mr. THEOPHILUS KEENE.

---

*Written by Mr. WALKER.*

---

O H Death ! Thou great Relief of Mortal Woe,  
How does the afflicted Wretch bid welcome  
(to thee,

When e'er thou com'st to Cure him of Despair,

And all the Load of Ills in Life he bore.

For, when the Gloomy Vanquisher appears,

With a resigning Joy, he bows to Fate,

And hugs the Dart that eases him of Pain.

Then, There his sad Laborious Journey ends,

He Rests---- A Thing he never knew in Life ;

But



But for a Momentary Time, like all  
 Who Taste of Joy but to enhance their Woes.  
 In Death's Embrace he's lock'd securely now,  
 Insensibly Serene ---And silent Sleeps.

O H thou Eternal Good! Thou Supreme Power!  
 Thou most Almighty Lord of Heav'n, and Nature!  
 By whose Great Influence all things Survive!  
 According to thy Great, thy wonted Goodness  
 Preserve the Soul of this Returning Earth;  
 Receive it in thy Everlasting Mansions,  
 And let his Better part Possess thy Mercy.

WHILE we on Earth revere his Gen'rous Name,  
 (A small Reward for Merit such as his)  
 And to our Children shall deliver down  
 How much his Weeping Friends his Loss deplore.  
 Who ne'er shall see him Tread the Stage again,  
 On which he was so eminent an Actor  
 That Admiration was too little for him.

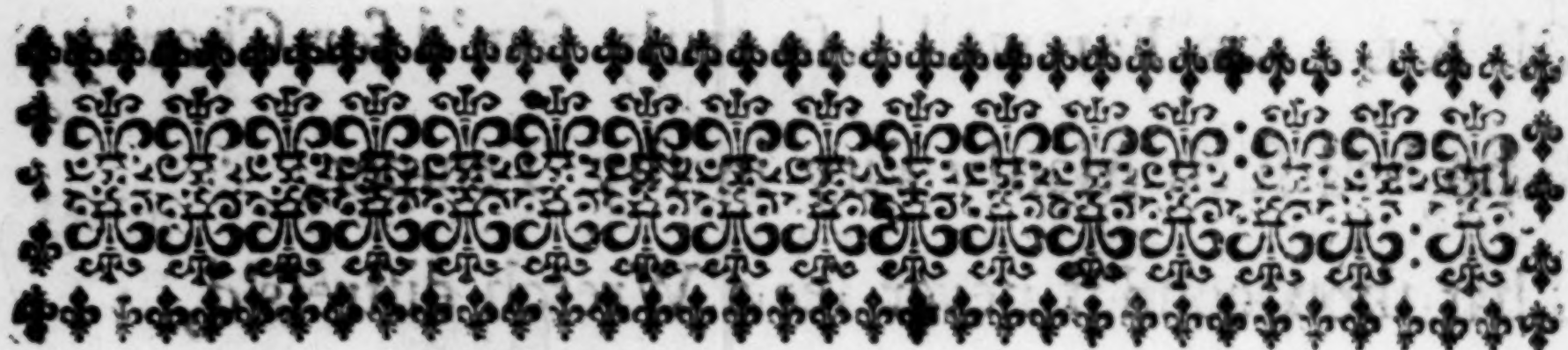


Oh K E E N E Farewell ! so truly fam'd for Charity,  
 Who had such Manly Pity in thy Temper,  
 That thou could'st never see a Wretch distress'd,  
 But Thou felt half thy Fellow-Creatures Pain,  
 And didst with open Hands Redress his Wants.  
 Once more Farewell, and Heaven Receive thy Soul.



*Another*





*Another by Mr. A. R. Gent.  
of the Middle-Temple.*

I.

**W**ITHIN this humble Tomb (confin'd  
In everlasting Silence) lyes  
The sacred Relicts of a Mind  
Good Natur'd, Honest, Great, and Wise.

II.

Compassion in his Bosom Reign'd  
For wretched Merit in Distress :  
But his plain honest Tongue disdain'd  
To Court the Villain in Success.

III.

Ye mourning Muses guard his Tomb,  
Here, ever pay your tuneful Grief;  
Hither, in sad Procession come,  
And weeping Tragedy the Chief.

IV. *Mel-*



## IV.

*Melpomene*, in Sables Mourn,  
 Thy favourite Son's unhappy Fate;  
 From all his Tragic Glories Torn,  
 And shining Misery's of the Great.

## V.

For ever Beautifully sad,  
 Thy just Parental Grief we own;  
 Like thee in awful Sables Clad,  
 The Great Tragedian we Bemoan.

## VI.

Let Majesty in all her State,  
 Greatly Distress'd, in Grief excel;  
 And Round his Tomb for ever wait,  
 Who represented Her so well.

## VII.

While here his hallow'd Ashes Sleep,  
 Till Heaven awakes his slumbering Dust;  
 Ye Angels constant *Vigills* keep,  
 And Guard from Harm your Sacred Trust.



VIII.

His happy Spirit now Discharg'd,  
From this base World with Rapture flies ;  
With Joy he feels his Powers Inlarg'd,  
And seeks his Mansion in the Skies.

IX.

Men all are Players here like him,  
But, Oh! How very few excell,  
Where is the Man deserves esteem,  
Like KEENE, or bears Applause so well?

X.

How Happy's he whose just Desert,  
Th' admiring Crowd with Joy applaud ;  
But Happier he who ends his Part,  
With the Great Plaudit of his God.

XI.

Then why does the fond Muse deplore,  
The Loss which Numbers can't recall?  
So fell great BETTERTON before,  
And so Ev'n BOOTH long hence shall fall.

XII. So



## XII.

So, my Obscure and Artless Muse,  
 Shall shortly Shrow'd her humble Head;  
 Nor must the Greatest Bards refuse,  
 To mix with me among the Dead.

## XIII.

There Ev'ry Great and Vertuous Name,  
 Shall meet the few that went before,  
 And Mourning Poets join with them,  
 Whose Fate they now with me Deplore.







A N

## E L E G Y

On the much lamented D E A T H

O F

Mr. K E E N E.

---

*Written by* Mr. WILLIAM WILKS.

---

**M**Y Muse, Dear K E E N E, with heavy Heart  
(Essays,

In Elegiack Verse to Sing thy Praise:

I call'd thee Friend, and have a right to tell,

The World, those Virtues, which I knew so well;

I'll not presume to show thee in that Place

Where Tragedy you Acted with such Grace,

Such awful Gesture, such Majestick Mien;

Ev'n *Hannibal* appear'd himself in K E E N E :

Each



Each opening Scene discov'ring to our View,  
Not the fictitious Hero, but the true.

That to some abler Hand I leave, whose will,  
Friendly as mine, is equall'd by his Skill.

Kind wert thou to thy Friends, to all Sincere,  
Envious to none, not to thy Foes severe,  
Stop here my Muse, and pay the Tribute of a Tear.

But Oh! What endless Floods of Tears must fall  
From those who have by losing thee lost all?

All their Support, who know not where to Feed,

Now KEENE whose Charity gave Life is Dead;

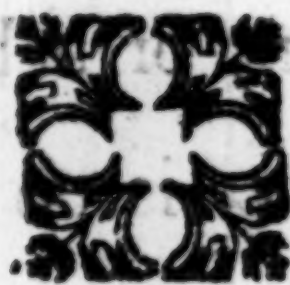
Thy Charity---But that's a Theme too great

For me to Speak, I can but Mourn thy Fate,

And grieve thy Life was of so short a Date.

Farewel, and may thy much lov'd MANES rest,

In the bright Habitation of the Blest.







A

## PASTORAL.

Sacred to the M E M O R Y of  
Mr. THEOPHILUS KEENE.

---

*Written by Mr. TOLSON.*

---

**C**LOSE by a purling Stream *Sarpedon* lay,  
Wept as that Flow'd, and Sigh'd his Hours  
(away,  
Ten thousand Fears his anxious Thought employ,  
When thus *ANTENOR* hail'd the Love-sick Boy;  
Arise dear Youth, nor let the ungrateful Fair,  
(False as the Winds) thus claim *SARPEDON*'s care:  
• A nobler Cause demands your Sorrow now  
Then a false Woman, or a broken Vow.  
*Dorax* is fallen, *Dorax* is no more,  
*Dorax* the Glory of *Brittannia*'s shore,

Each



Each Swain forsakes his bleating Flocks to Mourn,  
 And weeping Beauty Waters his still Urn.  
 But now as thro' yon verdant Gleam I pass'd,  
 I saw his Sable Hearse with flow'ry Garlands drest,  
 Deck'd with the grateful Tribute of the Fair,  
 Chaplets of Love, each Water'd with a Tear.  
 Haste, haste *SARPEDON*, seek the mourning Plain  
 Where Grief, Despair, and sad Confusion reign ;  
 All strive in pious Sorrow to excell,  
 On all the sharpest Pangs of Sorrow dwell :  
 Poor *Seraphina* Weeps, and prostrate Grieves  
 His Fall, for whom of all Mankind she Lives ;  
 Haughty *Porcenna's* Soul, (unus'd to bear)  
 Denys the fruitless tribute of a Tear,  
 Wild with Despair, she roams thro' ev'ry Grove,  
 And burns with Anguish for her fall'n Love :  
*Ambrosio* Mourns, and every faithful Swain,  
 Dissolves in Tears, and bids his Soul complain ;  
 Musick no more resounds thro' all the Grove,  
 (Musick the Voice, and Harbinger of Love)

The



The Woods have given their chearful tremblings o're,  
And only *Eecho*, *Dorax* is no more.

The chirping Birds their early Mattins fail,  
Nor with their tuneful lays the guilded Morning  
(Hail,

(Panting) they sit on some dry wither'd Oak,

(Long blasted with the rending Thunder-struck)

There-on the leafless Twig they Pearch a while,

And wait, to see the Face of Nature smile;

But wait in vain, 'till (wearied with desire)

They fall to Earth, and full of Grief expire.

Thus did *ANTENOR* greet *SARPEDON*'s fears,

And deck'd his melancholly Tale with Tears;

The gentle Youth (o'recome with deep Despair)

Thank'd kind *ANTENOR* for his Friendly care,

(Struck with amaze) he gave Complainings o're,

And dy'd for Grief, that *Dorax* was no more.







On the same Occasion.

---

*Written by Mr. CHETWOOD.*

---

**W**HEN wrap'd in Clouds the Sable Night  
(came on,

And silver Stars with humid twink-  
(ling Shone:

When breaking Waves but murmur'd on the Shore,  
And Lovers solac'd in the Shades no more.

Then I with folded Arms, and fallow Care,  
Walk'd musing Pensive, thro' the shrowded Air.

My heavy Steps a Pathless Gloom explor'd,  
Where *Cynthia's* lucid Streams no joys afford;

There musing sat, in sad Reflexion lost,  
And even Dead to those I valu'd most.

When lo! gleam'd Light shon Gorgeous in my Eyes,  
And shook my Soul with Terror and Surprise.



A Godlike Form a glim'ring Taper bore,  
 Whose radiant Aspect blaz'nous Glories wore.  
 The Blood forsakes my Heart! my Hairs up-rear!  
 And pallid Limbs confest the ghastly Fear.  
 Then thus the Friendly shade, (whose awful Mien,  
 And Manly Features spoke Majestick KEENE)  
 No longer fruitless Mourn in idle Verse,  
 Nor wet with Tears virile my Sable Hearse.  
 Almighty *Jove* does every Fate ordain,  
 And Death oft frees us from a world of Pain:  
 The Vertuous Man no Death can ever fear,  
 'Tis truly Death that binds poor Mortals here;  
 For in the Grave, no *Death* but *Life* we find,  
 A Life Immortal to a Vertuous Mind.  
 Thus Spoke the Shade! Then wing'd sublime his Way  
 Thro' tracts of Light, that form'd a new Born Day.



SIR,





S I R,

I Was intimately Acquainted with the late Mr. Keene,  
drank many a Bottle with him, and in short, we  
have been very Merry together ; and being inform'd of  
the many Elegies, Poems, Odes, &c. You are going  
to Print, I also send you this to Tag to the Tail  
of Wit, by way of an Elegiacal Epilogue, or so, that  
is to say if you think well on't; if not you may  
put it to what Use you please, which I assure you will  
not displease Yours,

C. W.



In Obitum Theophili Acuti  
Carmen Anacreonticum.

K E E N E is no more, I'm sorry for't,  
But hang it, let's have 'tother Quart,  
And greet his *Manes* with a Bowl,

Wide and Capacious as his Soul ;  
In sparkling Wine his *Orgies* pay,  
And quaff the tedious Night away,

D 2

Then

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Day.

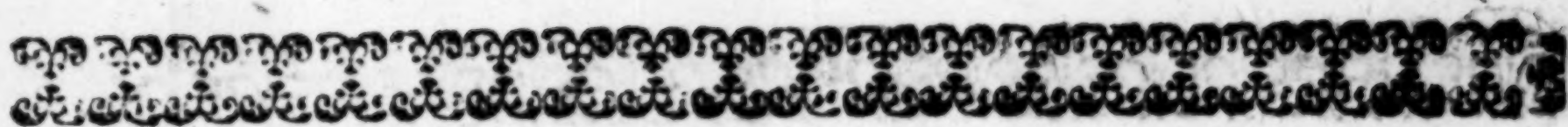
R,



Then when thro' tracts of blushing Air,  
 We see the gu'ded Morn appear,  
 Let us approach his silent Urn,  
 And teach our jolly Hearts to Mourn,  
 There let the Circling Gläs go round,  
 And glorious *Burgundy* abound,  
 With Crimson Tears bedew his Shrine  
 That from his Grave may spring a Vine,  
 Who'e racy Fruit shall far excell,  
 The sweets which did on *Hybla* dwell.



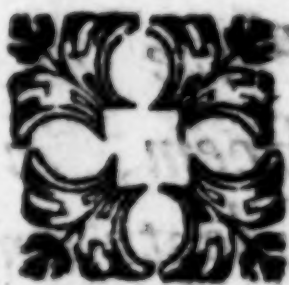




# EPITAPHIUM.

**T**HIS Urn, the Ashes does Contain,  
 Of One, who has been often Slain;  
 Done Murders too, tho' never shed,  
 The Blood of any, Live, or Dead;  
 Committed Acts too bad to Name,  
 Yet never once did taint his Fame;  
 He has both King, and Beggar been,  
 And tho' in several Shapes been seen,  
 Yet Death was found to sharp for Keene.

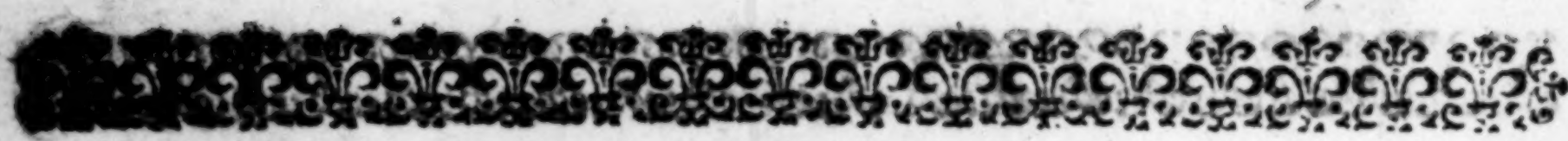
F I N I S.



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[ 10 ]



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## ERRATA.

**P**AGE 6. l. 5. for Supreme Power, read, Power  
 Supreme. Ditto l. 13. for revere his Gen'rous Name,  
 r. his Gen'rous Name revere. Page 7. l. 1. so truly fam'd  
 for Charity, r. for Charity so Fam'd. P. 13. l. 8. for  
 endless. r. briny. P. 16. l. 6. for Thunder struck, read  
 Thunder strook. Ditto l. 7. for There-on, r. There, on.





